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Wonder Songs — Lyrics and music by Mary Parker Converse. Boston de luxe

FOREWORD

In placing this remarkably clever work before the public, the composer believes, and rightly too, that she is drawing the curtains of tradition, and giving her readers a glimpse of an heretofore undiscovered artistic pleasure, to feast upon for years to come.

Her idea of treating the little songs with vari-colored pictorial notes is so unique and original, that ordinary laudation seems tame.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to state that the songs are all within the range of the ordinary child's voice, and both the lyrics and melodies will be easily memorized and retained.

The PUBLISHERS.

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Price-One Dollar and Twenty five cents

Wondering

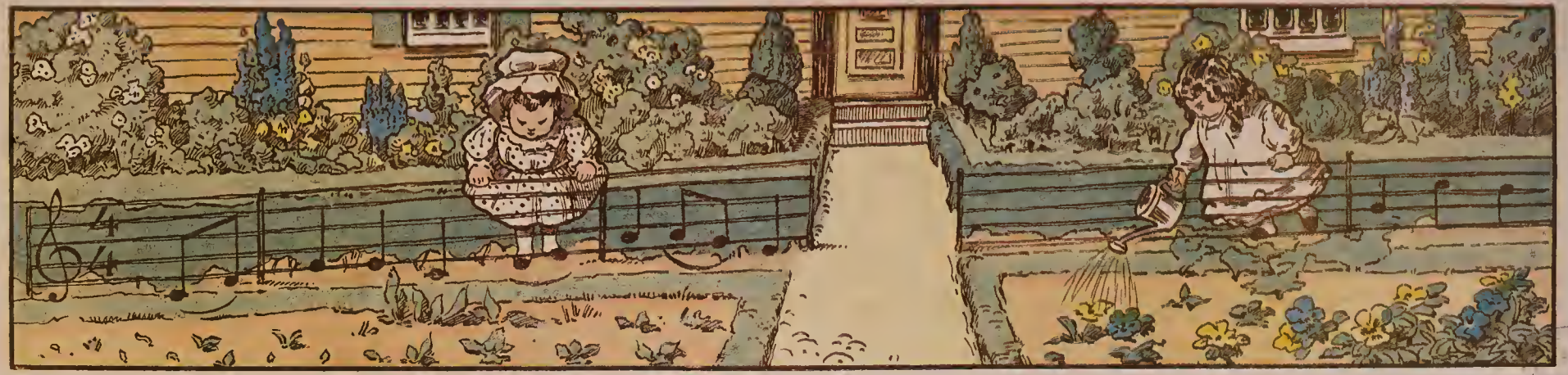
Allegretto moderato.

rit.

Why do chil - dren won - der so? What is sleep, When do we grow? Ques - tion - ing will do me no good, For no one seems to know.
Where do peo - ple go in dreams, Sail - ing far o'er tur - bu - lent streams? But for won - der - ing this and that No an - swer comes, it seems.

p

The Seeds



Andante moderato.

slowly.

The small brown seeds which in the ground I__ plant - ed there with ten - der care, Have burst their shells, I won - der how? And are grown in - to beau-teous blos - soms rare.

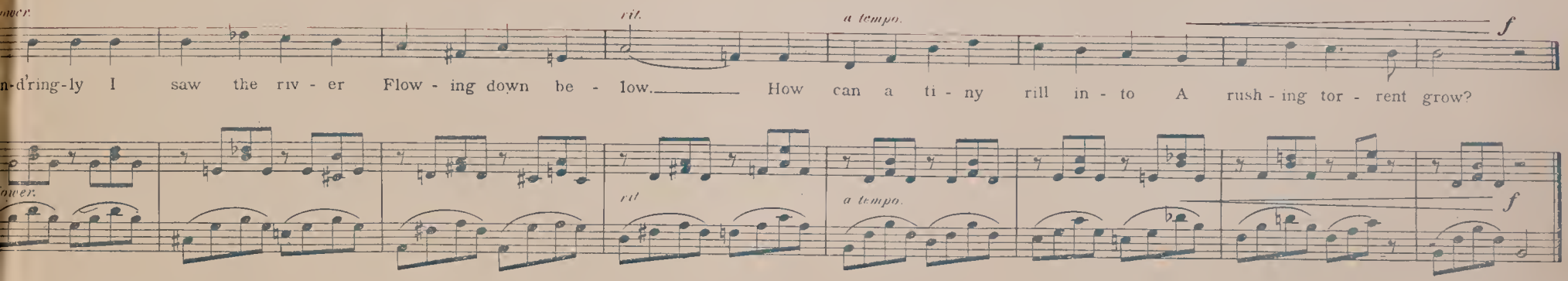
The Brook

Allegretto.

Moth - er dear, there by the brook, Up - on the dis - tant hill,— I sat and tho't that this same stream Sprang from a ti - ny rill;

p

The Brook


rit.
a tempo.
f
n-d'ring-ly I saw the riv - er Flow - ing down be - low. How can a ti - ny rill in - to A rush - ing tor - rent grow?
rit
a tempo.
f

The Birds

Gaily

God gave to us the birds of air With plum - age bright and gay; But why do cru-el hunt - ers snare And kill these birds each day?

rit.

p

rit.

The Birds

seriously.

I won-der more and more, Should peo - - ple eat them too? God meant the birds to fly and soar, And sing to me and you.

Things That Crawl

Not fast.

I__ won-der how the birds can fly, And nev-er, nev-er, nev-er fall; And why the ser-pents close-ly lie, And can do naught but crawl.

rall.

p

legato.

rall.

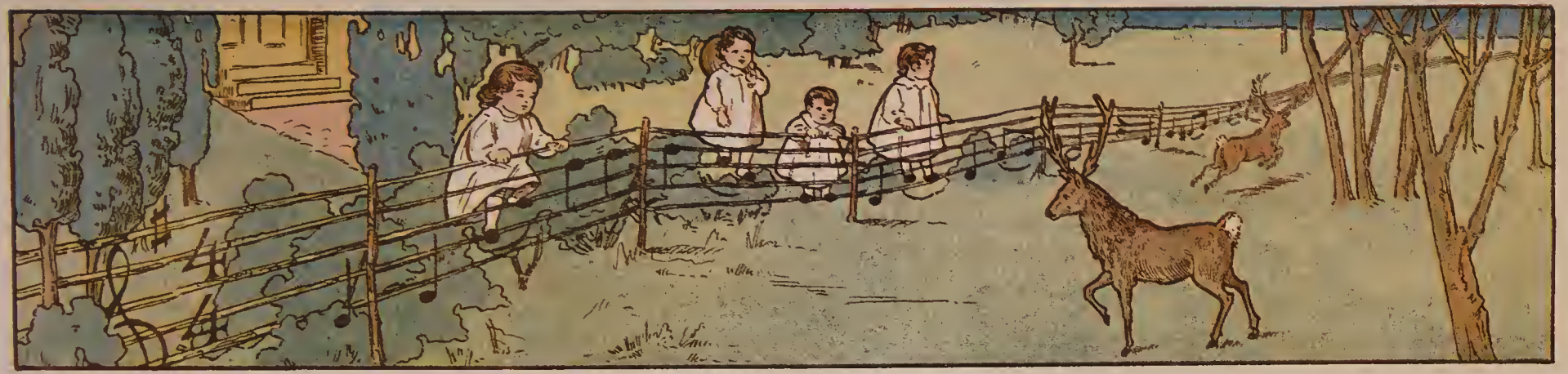
Church

Andante.

To church on a Sun-day morn I walk Where I'm sup-posed to nev-er talk, There must I sit in a high back pew, Which cuts off ev-'ry bit of view.

p

The Timid Deer



Lively.

With - in our wood, en - closed, se - cure, We have a herd of deer; They leap and play o'er rocks and moor, But I won - der what they fear; I

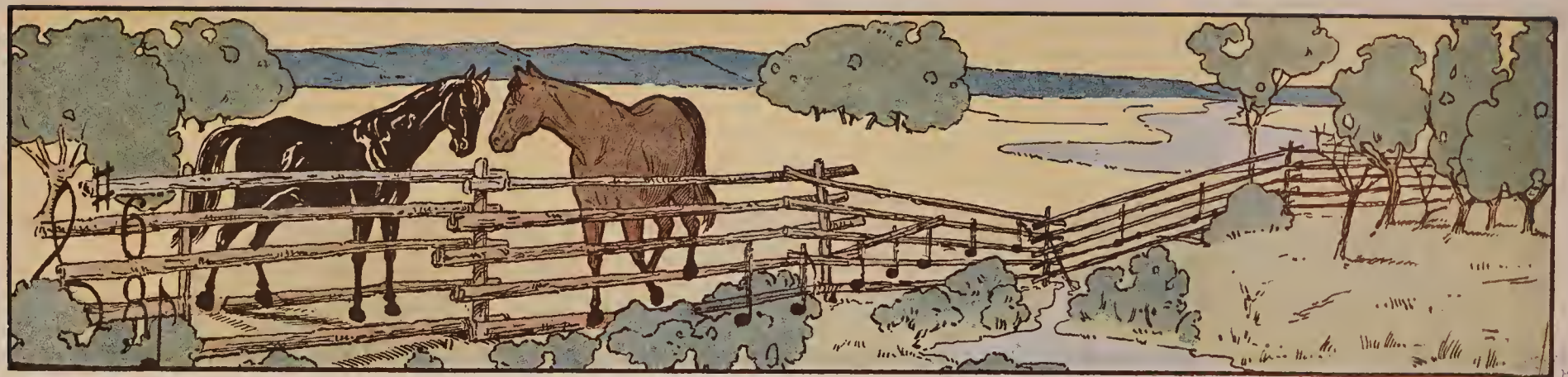
mp

cautiously.

try to walk and make no noise, And yet my steps they shun, And high their white - lined tails they poise, Which trem - ble as they run.

long. *Quickly.* *long.*

The Horses



Trotting.

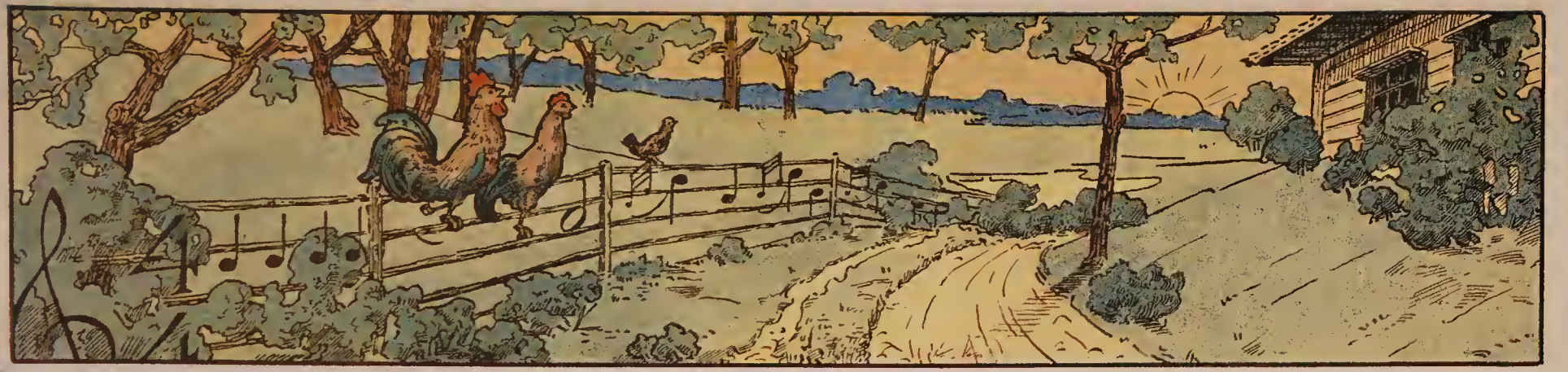
I'm al - ways won-d'ring how the hors - es Talk one to the oth - er. Do you ev - er hear a sound When stand - ing near them, Moth - er? I won - der can it be on - ly signs, They do not oft-en neigh, And yet I know that big black Bob To Don has much to say.

mp

slowly.

slowly

The Dawn



Allegretto.

rit. *a tempo.* *Broad.*

Birds are call-ing to their mates, Day is break-ing, wake up, dear! Wel-come to the ro-sy dawn, Proud-ly sings old chant-e-cler! Won-d'ring-ly I

Ped. *

hear their songs, Ring-ing joy-ous-ly and clear, Wel-com-ing a new-born day, Ech-o-ing far and near; Wel-come to the ro-sy dawn, Day is break-ing, wake up, dear!

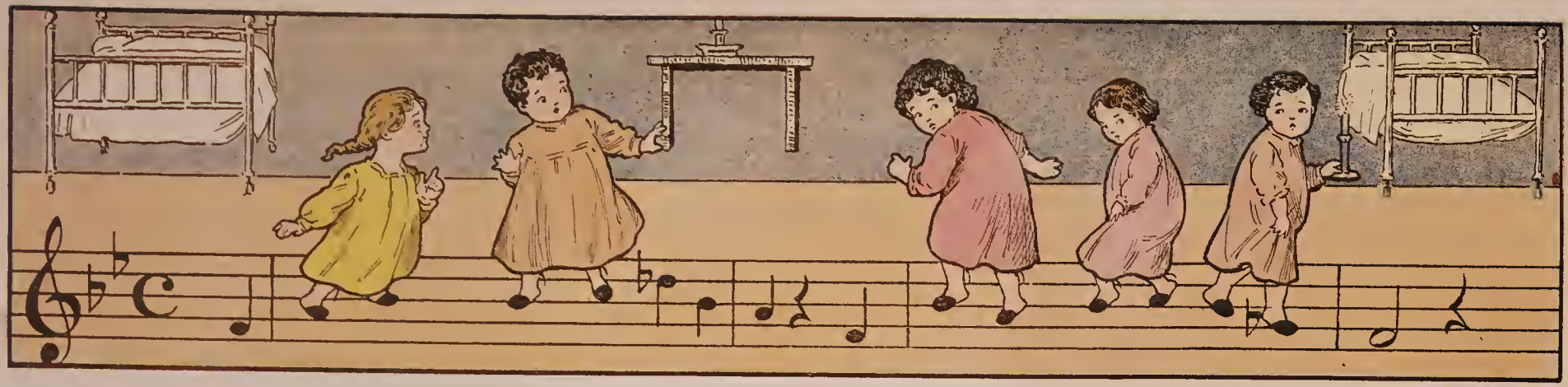
The Trees

Not fast.

I oft - en won - der why the trees Have cloth - ing green and fair, All thro' the warm and sun - ny days, And send out fra - grance rare. Why

then does God un - dress the trees, And leave them cold and bare, When Win - ter winds are blow - ing sharp Up - on the frost - y air

The Dark



I won - der why all chil - dren fear To be a - lone quite in the dark; All kinds of things we see and hear, More so when grown-ups are not near, 'Tis then we stop and lis - ten, Hark! 'Tis then we stop and lis - ten, Hark! We lis - ten, Hark! To ev - 'ry sound, both soft and queer.

long. *mysteriously.* *pp* *pp*

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